Happy Godfather’s Day

June 20, 2011 By Shawn Decker

I’m a proud Godfather to a 2-and-three-quarters year old. Her name is Evie. Her mom, Lauren, is one of my best friends. On the day that Evie was born, I drove at a moderate-to-brisk-pace in front of Lauren and Gwenn with my hazard lights on as we all headed to the hospital. Later, as Evie learned to walk, I was the typical hemophiliac in the room: “Be careful, Evie! Watch out for that table!”

It’s been a tremendous joy to be a trusted male in her life. She calls me “my Shawn”. I call her “my little buddy”, and about fifty other nicknames, some of which stick while others float off into the cosmos. One of my proudest moments was teaching her the high-five, which she now uses with expert precision. So when Lauren asked if I’d be interested in joining Evie for a Father’s Day Weekend picnic at her school last Friday, I jumped at the chance to have some watermelon slices and bagels at 9 am with my little buddy.

It was a great morning.

As our friendship continues, I’ll do my best to teach her all the lessons I’ve learned along the way, while making sure that she doesn’t experience every possible bump and bruise out there. Sure, she has the proper amount of clotting factor, but that doesn’t mean she has to put it to use. :O)

Positively,
Evie’s Shawn

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